THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

——quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo. VIR.

Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'advint,
Vous y croyriez être vous-mêmes.

LA FONTAINE.

(*Continued from page* 146.)

LETTER VI.

Geneva.

My dear E——,

THUS our time passed rapidly along, with some new plan to allure us every day; some place of amusement, in the evening, and a continued variety of objects, which seemed to preserve their novelty, whilst we lived in good apartments, with a well-furnished table, and an abundance of the finest fruits. The splendid appearance of our rooms, on the first evening of our arrival had been much heightened by the contrast they formed with our accommodation, on board the vessel, and we began, as they became more familiar to us, to be struck with the want of neatness in the furniture, and the very great neglect of cleanliness. I hardly think, that all the novelties of Bordeaux would have reconciled a lady of Virginia to a floor, which being once painted, was no otherwise cleaned, after being once swept, than by means of a coarse towel wrapt round the end of a broom and rubbed over it; to a table, which, though of mahogany had never been rubbed, and to a hearth, which was made, and which remained from day to day, the receptacle of all the sweepings of the room. Our representations had some effect, and the people of the house, in compliance to our prejudices paid a little more attention to our apartments, but still the table remained unrubbed, and the floor unwashed.

If you figure to yourself James's river making a large bend near Richmond, and the high grounds to be on the Manchester side, instead of overhanging the city as Shock's hill does,

you may form to yourself some idea of the situation of Bordeaux, and you will naturally suppose that, like Richmond, it is subject to autumnal fevers; this circumstance, however, does not in the least affect the appearance of the Bordelaix, owing in all probability to the quantities of fine fruit they have. We had now been several times at the theatre; we had visited all the churches, and the best booksellers' shops, and the museum, and had made several excursions into the neighbouring county, and now found time to visit the yards, where a number of workmen were employed in the construction of those boats, which are to humble England: to me they appeared too slightly built to bear the motion of the sea with even a couple of pieces of heavy artillery on board, too flat to hold a good wind, and by no means calculated for the purposes of debarkation on a shore exposed to a heavy surf: I cannot conceive the government to have had any other object in building them, than to give employment to the builders. The next object, which attracted my attention, was the court of justice, which had commenced its sessions, within a few days, and which was just about deciding on a very important cause; the wisdom of the government founded no doubt upon experience, has withdrawn a great many causes from the jurisdiction of juries, and this was one of them; the court had in every other respect the appearance of ours in America. There were soldiers indeed to keep the peace instead of constables, but they were few in number, and the doors were open to all the world. This last circumstance is a very important improvement, which has taken place since the revolution. The witnesses I observed, instead of swearing, promised only to speak the truth, but under the same penalties in case of falsity, as with us in case of perjury; and the promise, or as we should say, the oath, was read to them collectively.

There was a great deal of order and decorum observed, but the lawyers on both sides read their speeches, which took off from the animation I expected. I attended, during several sittings, and each time in company with an American gentleman, who had officiated upon some occasion as Judge or as the French term it, as President in some court of justice; this circumstance was probably known, and contributed, together with a sort of hospitable respect we were treated with, to affect the intellects of one of the lawyers, a large portly man in all the costume of the bar, who approaching me with marks of deference, begged to know, in a whisper, if I was the President of the United States? It is, said I, just as if I asked you whether you were Bonaparte. It was quite another thing, he said. But, I assured him to his very great astonishment, that there was just as much probability of the First Consul's pleading at the bar, as of the President of the United States being present at a Court of Justice at Bordeaux. I might have added, or of my being President.

We had now been three weeks in Bordeaux. The extreme novelty of every object had worn off a little, but there was still a great deal to see, and to admire, and a great deal that I might write about, if my ambition were to make a book. The old town, which may be considered as the one formerly inhabited by the British, has such very narrow streets, that it is with difficulty two carriages can pass, but the ditches, which once defended it, have been filled up, and formed into spacious streets, and the modern part is extremely well built; there are a great many handsome houses, and the shops are set off to the utmost advantage.

The large tide mills in one of the suburbs, which Young speaks of, have experienced the fate he foresaw, but chiefly I believe, from the quantity of sediment deposited by the river water, which in a few years diminished the capacity of the basin, and choaked up the passages.—We now purchased a second-hand coach for twen-

ty-eight Louis, returned such of our baggage on board the vessel, as we could dispense with, hired a courier, saw your brother off before us, under the care of a gentleman, who had been our fellow passenger, and prepared in good earnest, as we say in America, to take leave of Bordeaux. Let me not, however, here neglect to do justice to the kindness and hospitality of Mr. Lee the American Consul, and of his lady; they live in a very handsome house and do the honours of it to perfection. After some reflection and calculation, we had determined to travel with post-horses, and although four would have drawn us with great ease, were compelled by the post law, which we did not at the time know how to dispense with, to take six.

(*To be continued.*)

BIOGRAPHY.

John Dunton, the son of John and Lydia Dunton, was born at Graffham in the county of Huntingdon, May 14, 1659, of which parish his father was then rector. He was an unsuccessful bookseller, who turned projector-general when his "Raven (the sign of his shop) was gone to roost." This dipper into *a thousand* books formed *ten thousand* projects, six hundred of which he appears to have thought he had completely methodized. Dunton was the authour of the "Athenian Gazette," a species of review, which Swift, when a young man, celebrated in an ode, which he was well pleased to see admitted into that publication. Dunton's mind seemed to be like some tables, where the victuals have been illsorted, and worse dressed; yet his narrative of his own life is a very curious performance, and abounds in literary history of an interesting nature. Though he never scribbled, according to his own account, for less than twenty shillings per sheet, he seems to have saved but little money, and to have acquired less fame, though Swift commends his "Neck or nothing." Dunton's greatest project was intended for the extirpating of lewdness from London; a scheme highly credible to the schemer, had it been practicable. Armed with a constable's staff, and accompanied by a clerical companion, he sallied forth in the evening, and followed the wretched prostitutes home, or to a tavern, where every effort was used to win the erring fair to the paths of virtue; but these, he observes, were "perilous adventures," as the Cyprians exerted every art to lead him astray, in the height of his spiritual exhortations. Dunton was a most voluminous writer, as he seems to have had his pen always ready, and never to have been at a loss for a subject to exercise it upon. Though he generally put his name to what he wrote, it would be a difficult task to get together a complete collection of his various publications. As containing notices of many persons and things not to be found elsewhere, they certainly have their use; nor are his accounts always unentertaining.

For The Port Folio.

Character of the celebrated Lord Sandwich.

The memory of the late Earl of Sandwich, who long acted very conspicuously in a political department, has at length obtained that homage of applause, which Envy and Party Prejudice withheld during his life. Able, active, and disinterested, in almost every office; in some, he displayed talents of a higher class. As a negociator, he was distinguished for sagacity and address; as the representative of his King, for spirit, magnificence and firmness: at the head of the Admiralty, he was regarded as intelligent, enterprizing, and zealous; while his conviviality, his cheerfulness, the polish of his manners, and his varied accomplishments, rendered him a general favourite in private life. In Parliament he was more distinguished for calm address, for judgment and discretion, than for the brilliant talents of a splendid orator. He always spoke to the purpose, and in his hands, a cause was

not betrayed by heedless precipitancy, or injured by rash concessions. During the administration of Lord North, Sandwich was the ablest assistant of the minister, in the House of Peers. In the intervals of publick business, he was an attentive reader of the classicks; and Polite Literature, and the Fine Arts were Cardinal objects of his attention. In Musick, he was both an elegant and profound proficient. In Modern History and Politicks, he excelled. He was an intelligent speaker, rather than a brilliant oratour. In his early parliamentary career, he displayed uncommon knowledge of the sort of composition adapted to make an impression on a popular assembly; and from a happy choice of words, and a judicious arrangement of his argument, he seldom spoke without producing a sensible effect on the mind of every impartial auditor. In the latter part of his political life, and particularly during the American war, his harrangues were less remarkable for their grace and ornament, than for sound sense, and the valuable and appropriate information they conveyed. HIS SPEECHES WERE REGARDED AS THE LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE AND WISDOM. He was never ambitious of obtruding himself upon the House. He had a peculiar delicacy of forbearance, arising from a sense of propriety. If, after having prepared himself on any important question, when he rose in the House, any other lord first caught the Chancellor's eye, he sat down, with the most accommodating patience; and if the Lord, who spoke before him, anticipated the sentiments, which he meant to offer, he either did not speak at all or only spoke to such points as had not been adverted to by the preceding speaker. Whenever, therefore, he rose, the House was assured that he had something material to communicate; he was accordingly listened to with attention, and seldom sat down without furnishing their lordships with facts at once important and interesting, of which no other Peer was so perfectly master, as himself. *During the period of the American war*, he was frequently attacked in both Houses, for his official conduct, or imputed malversation. When any such attempts were made, in the House of Peers, he heard his accusers with patience, and with equal temper, as firmness, *refuted* their allegations *exposing their fallacy, or falsehood.* On all such occasions, he met his opponents fairly and openly, in some instances, concurring in their motions for papers, which his adversaries imagined would prove him a negligent minister; in others, resisting their object, by showing the inexpediency or impolicy of complying with their requests. In the Parliamentary contest, to which the unfortunate events of the American war gave rise, he is to be found more than once rising in reply to the late Earl of Chatham, whose extraordinary powers of eloquence inspired sufficient awe, to silence and intimidate, even Lords of acknowledged ability. Lord Sandwich, never, in such cases, suffered himself to be dazzled by the splendour of oratorical talents, or ever spoke, without affording proof, that his reply was necessary and adequate. In fact, his lordship never rose, without first satisfying himself, that the speaker he meant to reply to, was *in errour*, and that a *plain statement* of *the facts* in question, would *dissipate the delusion*, and afford conviction to the House. By this judicious conduct, his lordship secured the respect of those whom he addressed, and commanded, at all times, an attentive hearing.

For The Port Folio.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(*Continued from page* 152.)

OVID, HORACE, TERENCE, &c.

As it is difficult to ascertain the comparative merit of every classick authour, we shall first consider those whose works are commonly taught in schools, and afterwards those that are commonly read at a more ad-

vanced age. Ovid was a noble Roman, the cotemporary of Virgil and Horace, and flourished for some time in the reign of Augustus. It does not appear that he ever bore any publick office, or that he had served in the army, as Virgil and Horace had occasionally done. The softness of his temper, and his immoderate love of pleasure, prevented his entering into publick life, or encountering the horrours and perils of war. He seems to have been tolerably well acquainted with letters, though incapable of severe study and application. His becoming a poet seems to have arisen from a natural genius, rather than any design of his own. Being a man of pleasure, it is not probable that he would spend much time in correcting his works, nor indeed do they bear the marks of such correction. The ease and fluency of his numbers was the gift of nature and not the effect of art.—*Sponte sua numeros*, &c. as he tells us himself. Ovid did not attempt to dissemble his vices, and the errours of his life we need not collect from the scandalous chronicle of these times. He has spared us that trouble, by narrating them faithfully in his verses. The severity of the Roman character was considerably abated in his time, and young men of family and fortune were not ashamed to confess that they spent their lives in the pursuit of pleasure. But perhaps Ovid as little thought, as many young men, that this pursuit of pleasure might expose him to as much pain as if he had entered the lists of ambition, or plunged into the perils of war. In despotick governments those who seem only to mind their pleasures, are commonly thought to be most safe, as they do not seem to possess any talents that can excite the suspicion of the Prince, or qualify them to conspire against the government. But Princes are jealous of their pleasure, and commonly severe and inexorable in their resentments. Ovid, by some means or other, we cannot tell precisely how, incurred the resentment of the Emperour, and was banished to Pontus. The place of his confinement was on the shore of the Black Sea, to the north of the mouths of the Danube about where Varna at present is situated. In this place the poet ended his days, having never been able to obtain a revocation of the Emperour's sentence against him. His Metamorphosis seems to have been his first work, and has something of the epick form, though not modelled after the example of any other writer, so that this work may be styled unique, as the poet has neither had any predecessours nor imitators. The opinion of Dr. Warburton, late bishop of Gloucester, is exceeding probable, viz. that he designed this work as a popular history of Providence, and his own words, in the beginning of the work, greatly countenance this conjecture. Ovid seems to have embraced the Pythagorean doctrine in theory, as he did the Epicurean in practice. What induced mankind to conceive metamorphosis as possible, is hard to say precisely, but the conceit of the transmigration of souls, which was older than Pythagoras, though rendered more general and famous by his means, was most probably the occasion of it. Perhaps a rude age was little capable of understanding the doctrine of the immortality of souls without some fabulous disguise of this kind, and it might be found more easy to persuade them that souls existed in different bodies successively, than that they could exist without any bodies at all. We may wonder the less at this opinion prevailing in the early times, when instances of it may be produced from later and more philosophick ages. Matter is the only modification of being, conceivable by rude ages, and what is immaterial, in their account, is not at all. By the successive change of bodies, the doctrine of the moral government of the Deity, and his allotting rewards, and inflicting punishments on men according to their merits, was probably preserved, and certainly the prospect of a visible and temporal punishment would make more impression on the minds of savages, than the terrours of an invisible state, though set out with all the fiction and amplification of poetry. It is probable that the oriental philosophers imagined that all the bodies of brute animals were receptacles of souls, which, though originally of the same nature and order, enjoyed different powers and degrees of happiness according to the variety of the bodies with which they were united. It is probable that Ovid wanted to establish the doctrine of Providence on this system, on which alone we can attribute any unity of design to his singular work.—Ovid's learning was never talked of, yet he is the only poet who has given any account of the creation of the world, whence some have imagined that he must have read the books of Moses. The chaos in Hesiod's Theogony is a person, and his Theory is merely allegorical and mythological, unlike the accurate and philosophical description of Ovid. Our poet seems to have comprehended all the methods of Providence under the general notion of changes, and to connect these together has taken to his aid all the treasures of mythological tradition, which however fit for poetry, had not been formally handled by any authour before him. Besides his Metamorphoses which he designed as the monument of his fame and learning, he wrote his Fasti, or Kalendar, the first half only of which remains. In this he deduced the origin of all the Roman festivals and Religious ceremonies, with all the fable or history on which they were found-

ed. In his epistles he exhibits the tender passions, and all the distresses of mind that suit the elegiack strain, and in these he has displayed his acquaintance with the human heart, as well as with the history of the heroick times. His elegies *De Ponto* are dedicated to his own misfortunes, and in these the tenderness and plaintive strains of the poet are most conspicuous, and though this part of his works convinces of his want of courage and philosophy, yet they display the delicacy of his sentiments and the tenderness of his heart, as well as his powers of description. His *Amore*, *Ars Amatoria*, and *Remedium Amoris*, though adorned with all the skill of the poet, and describing his very soul, are extremely improper to be put in the hands of youth. Ovid's works abound with moral sentences, and what is extraordinary, they are most abundant in the most immoral parts of his poems. His style has been accused of puerility and false wit. But wit is often censured by men that have none of their own, with whom malevolence and envy stands instead of delicacy and correctness of taste. He certainly possessed considerable talents, and though unfit for shining in the epick line, might have been superiour to all others in the elegiack or plaintive class. Tibullus, though justly celebrated, scarce reaches the delicacy of Ovid. But his inclination to pleasure, and consequent aversion to labour confined him necessarily to an inferiour though respectable rank, and perhaps his compositions would have been more valued, had he bore his confinement in a manner more becoming a Roman and a philosopher.

Horace too was of the age of Augustus, though somewhat older than Virgil; as he had been a Tribune at the battle of Pharsalia, and having the misfortune to be on the losing side, received his pardon from the clemency of the conquerour. His father, he tells us, was in low circumstances, being a petty gatherer of taxes, yet ventured to bestow on his son an education superiour to his birth and fortune, which has gained immortality to his name. Horace, like Ovid, was a man of pleasure, but seems to have had more activity of mind, and more power over his passions than the other. His works, like those of Virgil, appear to have been at first prompted by gratitude to Mæcenas and Augustus, his benefactors, but nature had endowed him with poetical talents, and fortune placed him in a situation that he could exert them with honour and advantage. He found those favourable circumstances which many have missed, for exciting those qualities which might otherwise have been hid forever. Horace was instructed in the Greek philosophy having spent some time of his youth at Athens, then the chief seat of learning. Though inclined to indolence, he was not incapable of application. Having all that desire of fame which is common in poets, his works bear the marks of care and correction. Horace, like Ovid, confesses his indolence and love of pleasure, though it is evident that he could surmount it at certain times. His desire to please his patrons was likewise a spur to diligence. But the Lyrick poetry, to which he applied himself was suited to his genius, and natural temper, as it required only short flights, and needed not application for any long time. In this moreover he had many Greek poets to assist him, Pindar, Alceus, Sappho, Stesichorus and Anacreon, whence we need not wonder that he calls his odes Greek poetry, *Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camœnæ*. Horace was almost the first and only poet among the Romans, who imitated the Greek Lyricks. Catullus had [illegible] essayed it. But he was allowed to have been extremely successful. In his odes he is sublime, tender, solemn, or jocular according to the nature of the subject, and sometimes negligent and redundant. Perhaps those of his odes on which he set the highest value, and on which he bestowed the greatest pains, are not the best of his compositions of that kind.

(To be continued.)

For the Port Folio.

YARDLEY OAK.

COWPER.

Surviver sole, and hardly such, of all
That once liv'd here thy brethren, at my birth,
(Since which I number three-score winters past)
A shatter'd veteran, hollow trunk'd perhaps
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,
Relict of ages! could a mind, imbued
With truth from Heaven, created thing adore,
I might with reverence kneel, and worship thee!

It seems Idolatry with some excuse,
When our forefather druids in their Oaks
Imagin'd sanctity. The conscien e, yet
Unpurified by an authentick act
Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,
Lov'd not the light, but gloomy, into gloom
Of thickest shades, like Adam, after taste
Of proscrib'd, as to a refuge fled!

Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd

The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing
down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp
But fate thy growth decreed: autumnal
rains,
Beneath thy parent tree, mellow'd the soil,
Design'd thy cradle, and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, pre-
par'd
The soft receptacle, in which secure
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter
through.

So fancy dreams, disprove it if ye can,
Ye reas'ners broad awake, whose busy
search
Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away!

Thou fell'st mature, and in the loamy clod
Swelling with vegetative force instinct,
Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled
Twins,
Now stars; two lobes protruding pair'd ex-
act:
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
And all the elements thy puny growth
Fost'ring propitious, thou becam'st a twig.

Who liv'd when thou was such? Oh!
couldst thou speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees,
Oracular, I would not curious ask
The future, best unknown, but at thy
mouth
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past!

By thee, I might correct, erroneous oft,
The clock of history, facts and events
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
Recov'ring, and mistated, setting right—
Desp'rate attempt till trees shall speak a-
gain!

Time made thee what thou wast, King of
the woods!
And time hath made thee what thou art, a
cave
For Owls to roost in! Once thy spread-
ing boughs
O'erhung the champaign, and the numer-
ous flock,
That graz'd it stood beneath that ample
cope
Uncrowded, yet safe shelter'd from the
storm.
No flock frequents thee now, thou hast out-
liv'd
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth!

While thus thro' all the stages thou hast
push'd
Of tree-ship, first a seedling, hid in grass?
Then twig; then sapling; and as century
roll'd,
Slow after century, a giant bulk,
Of girth enormous, with moss-cushioned
root,
Upheav'd above the soil, and sides emboss'd
With prominent waves globose, till at the
last,
The rottenness, which Time is charged to
inflict
On other mighty ones, found also thee.

What exhibitions various hath the world
Witness'd, of mutability in all,
That we account most durable below!
Change is the diet, on which all subsist,
Created changeable, and change at last
Destroys them: skies uncertain, now the
heat,
Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam,
Now quenching, in a boundless sea of
clouds,
Calm and alternate storm, moisture and
drought,
Invigorate by turns the springs of life,
In all that lives, plant, animal and man,
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's
threads,
Fine, passing thought, e'en in her coarsest
works,
Delight in agitation, yet sustain
The force that agitates not unimpair'd,
But worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
Of their best tone, their dissolution owe.

Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still,
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity, into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension
thence
Slow into such magnificent decay.
Time was, when settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root, and twice has
been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest
age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
That might have ribb'd the sides, and
plank'd the deck,
Of some flagg'd admiral, and tortuous arms,
The ship-wright's darling treasure, didst
present
To the four-quartered winds, robust and
bold,
Warp'd into tough * knee-timber, many a
load!
But the ax spared thee; in those thriftier
days,
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to sup-
ply
The bottomless demands of contest wag'd

* Knee-timber is found in the crooked arms of Oak, which by reason of their distortion, are easily adjusted to the angle formed where the deck and the ship's sides meet.

For Senatorial honours. Thus to Time
The task was left to whittle thee away,
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has unobserv'd,
Achiev'd a labour, which had far and wide,
By man perform'd, made all the forest ring.

Embowell'd now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing nought, but the scoop'd rind, that seems
A huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root;
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st
The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite;
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs, and knotted fangs,
Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulveriz'd of Venality, a shell
Stands now—and semblance only of itself!

Thine arms have left thee: winds have rent them off
Long since, and rovers of the forest wild,
With bow and shaft have burnt them. Some have left
A splintered stump, bleach'd to a snowy white;
And some, memorial none where once they grew.
Yet life still lingers in thee, and puts forth
Proof not contemptible of what she can,
Even where death predominates. The Spring
Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force,
Than yonder upstarts of the neighbouring wood,
So much thy juniors, who their birth received
Half a millenium since the date of thine.

But since, although well qualified by age
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice
May be expected from thee, seated here,
On thy distorted root, with hearers none,
Or prompter, save the scene—I will perform
Myself the oracle, and will discourse
In my own ear, such matter as I may.

One man alone, the Father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman; never gaz'd,
With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
On all around him; learn'd not by degrees,
Nor ow'd articulation to his ear;
But moulded by his maker into man
At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd
All creatures, with precision understood
Their purport, uses, properties, assign'd
To each his name significant, and filled
With love and wisdom, render'd back to Heaven
In praise harmonious, the first air he drew.

He was excus'd the penalties of dull
Minority; no tutor charg'd his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind
With problems; History not wanted yet,
Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time, whose course
Eventful, should supply her with a theme.

For The Port Folio.

A Statistical Account of the Schuylkill Permanent Bridge.

The State of *Pennsylvania* has long been deservedly famed for the multitude and excellence of its bridges over the various smaller streams, by which it is intersected. But no permanent means of transportation across the large and widely extensive rivers flowing in and through, or bounding, this fertile and flourishing region, had until a late period, been attempted. That thrown lately over the *Schuylkill*, at the west end of the *High* or *Market-Street* of the city of Philadelphia; one over the same river at Reading; those over the Lehigh at Bethlehem, Weis's ferry, and one near its discharge into the Delaware, have begun the career of hydraulick architecture, which will increase the celebrity of this state in that important branch of publick improvement. A bridge over the Delaware, at Easton, connecting Pennsylvania with the state of New-Jersey, is in great forwardness,* under the direction of Mr. T. Palmer. One on a peculiar construction, and highly necessary for the passage of the mails, and other constant transportation, upon the great postroad of communication, between the cities of Philadelphia and New-York is recently finished. It is situated at Morrisville, and near Trenton on the Delaware; and also connects the states of Pennsylvania and New-Jersey. This latter has been erected at the expense of a Company, under the superintendence of Mr. Theodore Burr, who, as well as Mr. Palmer, is a self-taught and ingenious American bridge builder, and has evidenced much talent, as well as industry, in this structure.

The success of the Schuylkill bridge, as far as it had proceeded, was exemplary;

*Since the account was drawn up, it is completed in its frame, which, after the example of the Schuylkill bridge, is covered.

and instigated the commencement of this work, as well as encouragement in its prosecution. All these erections are highly honourable to those who promoted, supported, and completed them. But that over the Schuylkill is the only successful undertaking of the kind, attempted and carried to perfection in and over a deep *tide water*. It has been attended with the most difficulty and expense; and has, in consequence, more particularly called forth the talents, exertions, and perseverance of those engaged in it.

The Schuylkill, which washes the western front of the city of Philadelphia, although it affords great advantages, had long been attended with many serious inconveniences. The frequent interruption of passage, by ice and floods, and the inefficient and uncertain mode of crossing heretofore practised, had, for a long course of years, employed the thoughts, and attention of many ingenious, and publick spirited members of the community. The character of this river is wild, and, in times of floods, rapid and formidable: and, to any structure of slight materials, ruinous and irresistible.

Its borders, to an extent of one hundred miles, are skirted by precipitous mountains and hills. Its tributary streams, suddenly filled, in seasons of rains, or melting snows, with the torrents rushing down their sides, without notice, or time for precaution, fill the river with frequent floods, which no common works of art, within their reach, have heretofore been capable of withstanding. Although these attributes are not to a certain degree, uncommon, yet, in this river, they are peculiarly dangerous. They occur at irregular periods, and often at seasons of the year, when floods are generally unexpected. These circumstances, at all times, created doubts of the practicability of any permanent erection. The depth of the water, opposite the city, added to the difficulties and apprehensions. The expense, in the early periods of its establishment, precluded any plan, requiring large expenditures by those who then inhabited Philadelphia and its vicinity. In the year 1723, March 30th, a law was enacted "by the Governour, (Sir William Keith) by and with the consent of the Freemen of the province, in General Assembly met," (which shows the *then* style of the laws,) entitled, "An Act for establishing a ferry over the river Schuylkill, at the end of the High-Street of Philadelphia, granting to the *then* Mayor and commonalty, the right to make and maintain causeways on both sides of the river, and to erect a ferry at the west end of High Street. Certain tolls were then fixed, which the present rates do not, in any case, far exceed; and in many instances, i. e. for country produce and manure, are much, and liberally reduced. No person or persons (without violating that law) could then, or can now, "keep or use any boat or canoe, for transporting any person or persons, creatures or carriages, for hire or pay, over the said river, in any other place between these ferries, now called Roach's, (late Ashton's, now Sherridine's) and Blunston's (late Gray's) ferries on the said river, besides the ferry thereby established." By virtue of this law, the corporation of the city have held and exercised this exclusive franchise, from the time of its being so granted, until their transfer thereof to the present Permanent Bridge Company. The ferry was maintained, and generally used, until the floating bridges were thrown over. In times of interruption of the passage of those bridges, by ice and floods (which too frequently occurred) the boat was resorted to, for temporary transportation, and always kept in readiness for use.

In December 1776, when the British troops had overrun and nearly subjugated the state of New-Jersey, General Washington, apprehensive of being forced to retreat, with the shattered remnants of his patriotick, but enfeebled army, wrote to General Putnam, then commanding in Philadelphia, directing him to take measures for the speedy passage of the Schuylkill, in case of urgent necessity. Orders were, at the same time, given to collect all the boats attainable at Wright's, and other ferries on the Susquehanna. No pontons existed, with which to fulfil the orders of the Commander in Chief. It fell to the lot of the individual, who originated the project of the present Permanent Bridge, and who then held a confidential office under The United States, to be consulted on the subject. Having advised with some shipwrights, a bridge of boats was, at first, thought of, but finally one of ship carpenter's floating stages, used for graving ships, was concluded upon. This plan, on being suggested by him to General Putnam, was instantly adopted, and promptly executed. The critical and masterly stroke, made on the British auxiliaries at Trenton, superseded its military use at that period. It gave, however, the first idea of the floating bridges over the Schuylkill, composed of buoyant logs, for the support of a platform of planks, two whereof now remain at Gray's and Sherridine's ferries. There does not appear to be any express authority, by law, for the establishment of these bridges. The Act of 1723 recognizes the two ferries of Roach and Blunston. An act passed since the revolution, regulates and directs the lowering the *ropes* of ferries, and opening the bridges, which had each slip pieces for this purpose, within a certain time on notice, under a penalty. This im-

plied permission, appears to be the only warrant for their continuance. The first of the log bridges was erected by the Executive of the state. This was either much injured or destroyed.

A bridge was constructed by the British army in 1777, when in possession of the City, on pontons, or large boats. But this not sufficiently answering their purposes, another was thrown over, composed of planks, supported by floating logs, after the pattern, and, perhaps, with part of the materials of the one, which had succeeded the bridge of stages, and is probably the one now at Gray's ferry. One of the pontons, used by the British, prolonged the hostility which occasioned its fabrication. Two of the piles of the *coffer dam*, sunk for the erection of the western pier of the present Permanent Bridge, were obstructed by a part of one of those boats, which had been accidentally sunk in 1777, 28 ft. below common low water. It occupied part of the area of the dam, with one end projecting under two of the piles of the inner row, and had nearly rendered the erection abortive. It was first discovered on pumping out the dam, in 1802; and was perfectly sound, after a lapse of 25 years! The iron work had not the least appearance of rust, or the wood, which was common oak, of decay. The taking this boat to pieces, the straining the dam, and the leaks in consequence, were the chief causes of an extra expenditure, by the company, of more than 4000 dollars, hardly and perilously disbursed in pumping, which alone cost from 5 to 700 dollars per week, and other labour, during forty-one days and nights, in the midst of a most inclement winter.

The privations of supplies from the country, on the western side of the Schuylkill, had always been causes of regret, and too often of increased expense to the inhabitants of the City. These were most severely felt, as the population increased. It would be, perhaps, irksome, to attend to a recital, minutely, of all the schemes suggested for a permanent passage, through a period of near 70 years. It will be sufficient, shortly to mention some of them. To those who have been actively concerned in the present structure, most of these projects appear to have been impracticable, or unadvisable. If they could have been executed, the funds were unattainable.

Some would have the river filled with a dam and causeway, after a bridge had been built on the flats of the fast land, and a channel cut through these flats. Some proposed a low stone bridge; to be used only when the river was in its ordinary state; and when raised by floods, the torrent should run over the bridge. Thus intermitting its use, when it was most required. Some would have, with any bridge, arches, turned from hill to hill, and thus occupy, with impediments, the low grounds which now afford additional passage to the overflow of the stream. The expense too, would require the funds of a state, and never could have been accomplished by private advances, with any prospect of profit. Any buildings, or other obstructions placed on these flats, will confine, and, of course redouble the force of the current. They would cause the accumulation of the ice, and damming of the stream, the most formidable foes the bridge has to contend with. Some had proposed a bridge on chains, stretched across the river, and elevated by columns of vast height, on its banks. Adding to this visionary plan, some of its advocates would have pillars in the middle of the river, on a kind of wharf, containing stone promiscuously thrown in. On such an uncertain, shifting, and unstable foundation, more modern projectors have contemplated erecting wooden superstructures; and are not yet persuaded of their being dangerous and insecure. If such should succeed in a river of tranquil current, and level bottom, they are not calculated for one frequently impetuous in the extreme; in some parts of its bed covered with mud, in others, uncommonly unequal and rocky. Still more ineligible in one, irregular in its depths, which suddenly vary at small distances, so as to afford no encouragement to depend on any foundations, or supports for a bridge, but those of solid masonry; and this founded on the rock which stretches across its bottom.

Without entering into controversy on the merits or defects of these plans, which were proposed for the position of the present bridge, they are barely enumerated, with some of the objections to their establishment.

Before the Revolution, at various periods, citizens of intelligence and talents, had abandoned the idea of erecting a bridge, in the deep tide water, opposite the city. They sought for situations less difficult and higher up the river. Applications were presented to the General Assembly of the province; and surveys and accurate examinations were made, under the directions of a committee of the legislature. The places viewed were, Peters's Island, and the Fording Place, nearer the Falls, which was, in early times, the most common passage over the river. The road leading over it is called, in ancient deeds, and other writings, *The old Lancaster road.* A third site, offered for the consideration of this committe was, the great falls of Schuylkill; where such an erection was said to be practicable, directly across the reef of elevated rocks, forming the obstructions in

that part of the stream. Maps and measurements of these places, and their distances from the city, and particularly of Peters's Island, which was the place generally fixed on, as possessing the greatest facilities and advantages, positive and relative, were made, and are yet extant. The route to Lancaster, by this place, through part of the Ridge or Wisahiccon road, is shorter than that passing over the bridge, opposite the city. The distance by either place is not much greater. Although a bridge may be erected at either place, for a sum not exceeding a fourth, and probably a fifth, of the cost of the Permanent Bridge at High Street, yet these sites cannot rival the latter. They do not unite all interests by being so generally accomodatory to travellers and transportation, from all quarters, southerly, and westerly of the city. Their use will, therefore, be partial, and the object of a distant day.

(To be continued.)

From the Monthly Anthology.

ON HOPE.

The unfortunate are preserved through Hope. MENANDER.

The all-wise Creator of the universe has manifested his benevolence in every work of his power. He has delighted to exhibit this virtue, not only in the general operations, but in the most minute circumstances of life. The indifferent spectator will discern this quality reigning in the world on the most superficial examination, while the philosopher delights in viewing the exertions of goodness in the petty affairs of mankind and in the moral economy of nature. This brightest glory of Divinity burst upon man with accumulated splendour at the promulgation of Christianity, yet among the heathens it darted a mild ray, and glimmered with a cheerful light. They indeed could not contemplate the wonderful benevolence of their Creator with the same assurance as is granted to Christians, because they had never heard, and never thought of the infinite mercies of God, as displayed in the doctrines of revelation. They however had the same universe to survey, and the same reason to exercise; and the first of their observations and experience was the perception of the goodness displayed in the natural and moral world.

Among a variety of general principles, which exhibit the benevolence of the Creator, is the universal extension of the consolation of hope. This is as widely diffused as the race of reasonable man, and is limited in its existence only by extinguishment of life. It is universal, continual, and regenerating. It accompanies the sun in gladdening the children of sorrow, for where there is a rational being, there is the habitation of hope. It never forsakes the afflicted or unfortunate, but abides with him while nature and reason endure. Its powers are wonderful and unlimited; their operation is versatile, yet always benignant, for it may sometimes present to intellectual vision a single view of happy existence, and sometimes display the unlimited scenery of possible felicity.

The ancient mythologists represented the power of hope as the last gift of the gods; for when Pandora had been endowed with all perfection by acquiring from each of the divinities his peculiar excellence, she also received a box containing all the ills, diseases, and vexations of human life;* when this box was afterwards opened and the vices and calamities flew abroad in the world, hope was found at the bottom of the box, and was given as the alleviator of every misfortune. By this fable the mythologists evinced their opinion of the consolations of hope. They considered, that the world would have been indeed wretched, had there been no comforter amid the innumerable miseries of human nature; and consequently they showed to mankind a principle, which was not needed, till sorrow and evil had entered the world, but which was then capable of soothing and succouring every moral disorder and physical infirmity.

Of the heathen allegory I have never seen an explication, but I shall offer one which appears simple; and I offer it with the more pleasure, because if false, it can produce no other harm than that of contempt for the

* Quere, if Pandora was not forbidden to open the box?

poor ingenuity of the authour; and if it be true, it will serve to prove the truth of the history of creation, as related in the bible, and thus add another argument to the excellence of our holy religion.

By Pandora is meant a being, possessing every gift, as the word evidently denotes. Among the Greeks, it had a female signification, upon the principle mentioned in Harris's Hermes, that every recipient being is naturally considered of the female gender. The first man, Adam, is darkly shadowed under the allegory of Pandora, the first woman. He received a command from his maker, which he was not to break; but which if he should transgress, the inevitable consequence was misery and death. Pandora was ordered not to open the box, which had been given her, under the penalty of spreading disease and calamity in the world; and the hope, which remained at the bottom of the box, is typical of the gracious promise of Salvation, which the benevolent God made at the time of man's transgression.

These are the leading features of resemblance, which it is sufficient for me to have sketched. Future investigators, who have the piety and erudition of Maurice and Bryant, may be able to exhibit the sources of Egyptian or Indian theology, whence the Greeks borrowed their story; they may be able to point out the minute differences between the heathen fable and the scriptural narration; they may be able to reconcile apparent contradictions; to account for strange absurdities in the history of Pandora, and to demonstrate by new arguments the sacred truth of the formation and the fall of Adam.

Little speculation and experience are necessary to convince us of the evils of life; they are frequent and distressing. They come, when we never expect them, and when they have glided away, they are quickly followed by others. Some men are overpowered by a sudden condensation of misery; while others are wearied out by continual succession of petty misfortunes. Man indeed is born to sorrow. At the moment of birth he gives signs of that pain, which generally accompanies him in the different stages of existence, only altered by irresistible circumstances, or suspended by the alleviation of science.

Under such circumstances, what would be the condition of man without hope? He would sink, loaded with sorrow, to the grave; or he would drag out a painful existence, anticipating the moment of dissolution. But this messenger of good whispers to every one soft words of peace. It cheers the sick man with the prospect of better days, when health shall invigorate his frame, and when society shall revel at his restoration to pleasure. The poor man anticipates the year, when he shall no longer be obliged to work for his daily bread; when, with a competent supply of riches, he shall be able to afford himself a decent habitation for the evening of his days. The mariner, tossed in the waves or almost overwhelmed in a storm, can discern in the horizon of hope a safe retreat from the present vexations, and a secure accommodation against the coming calamities of existence. In like manner, to all who are oppressed by physical evils, Hope offers a suitable relief: she spreads her light, and all darkness vanishes; she extends her powerful hand, and the tear is wiped from the widow's eye, and the countenance of the orphan glistens with cheerfulness.

The natural evils of the world are indeed great; they are sufficient to oppress a virtuous mind, and to appal the stoutest resolution; yet if we diligently survey the whole system of beings, we shall find other sources of misery, more poignant in their effect, if not more frequent in their recurrence. Physical infirmities have reference only to the body; of course they cannot endure longer than life; and though our existence be embittered by sorrow, and overwhelmed by

agony, there is little consequent apprehensions about future felicity or torment. But as moral agents, men are subjected to temptation, they are seduced by evil pleasures, or transported with furious passions. Hence is produced the whole catalogue of crimes. Hence originate those vices and sins, which a moral philosopher cannot contemplate without pity, and which the transgressor of human and divine laws knows to be the cause of his severe punishment and misery. These evils, which relate to our moral nature, have evidently two springs; they are produced either by our own folly and wickedness, and then we are criminal; or they are the consequence of accidents and circumstances, which are not to be resisted, and then we are unfortunate.

Among other evils, of the first class, is the undeserved loss of reputation. This, to an honourable man, is a deprivation greater than that of life. If a virtuous mind have been for years raising his character by regular pursuits of industry, and the punctual discharge of moral obligations; if he have attained a higher rank among his fellow-men, and with conscious superiority views himself as equal to the highest in the eye of heaven, how is his heart torn, when this reputation has been sapped by the artful and the malignant, when the lowest artifices have successfully been executed to number him among the criminal and the vitious? No anguish is equal to his; no tongue can speak his sorrow; no treasures can compensate his loss. Yet to this poor being of misfortune there is hope. This will cheer him and comfort him; not merely the hope that his accusers will one day be condemned, for an honourable man will pardon even his enemies; not merely the hope that his character will be reestablished in this world, for of this he may care but little, as experience has evinced the vanity of depending on the opinion of the world; but the sure and certain hope of another state, where his virtues will shine clearer than the daystar in its meridian, where his good deeds will be recompensed by full-flowing felicity, and where perhaps his heavenly father will crown him with greater glory for the loss, which he sustained below, of all that is valuable, dear, and praise-worthy.

Hope is the constant attendant on him, who has laboriously endeavoured to acquire renown in the republick of letters, and who, from the negligence of mankind, or the absurdity of fashion, has never obtained the rank which was his due. No one should ever despond. Literary history will point out many names, high in literature, and often in the mouth of fame, who were once unknown, forgotten, or disregarded. In their progress through a great undertaking, hope comforted and fortified them. It exhibited in bright array the testimonials of future celebrity, and proclaimed the loud and distinct acclamations of mankind. Even if the writers were flattered and seduced by the gay rise of hope; if they did not receive tributary honours or profitable distinctions in their lifetime, they looked forward with a steady eye to ages yet unborn, and in anticipation enjoyed the shouts of gratulation, and the embraces of kindred souls, who welcomed their advancement to the temple of fame.

The evils, which are produced by wickedness, are always horrible in the eyes of society and of God; those, which arise from folly, rather than from sin, are not always punished with severity by the earthly judge; and perhaps hereafter they may be considered with an eye of compassion by the Supreme Disposer of all things. Crimes, which are plotted in darkness and secrecy by the deliberations of infernal men, and which are perpetrated with all the cool savageness of malignancy, are punished with unrelenting justice by earthly tribunals; yet I know not if hope ever deserted the most shameless of villains. His fancy continually suggests hopes from the effects of chance or design. The dungeon indeed contains his bo-

dy, but nothing restrains the operations of mind. He may look forward to his release by the destruction of his country; to his escape by means of a thousand accidents; to a deliverance by civil commotions, or the conflagration of the prison, the influence of friends, or the convulsion of an earthquake.

A dungeon is the solitude of a criminal, and, I hope, sometimes the cell of a penitent. No one can limit by finite bonds the compassion of infinite benevolence. The murderer should indeed deeply feel the awful horrour of his crime; he should be torn by the remorse of his conscience and humiliated even to dust by the solemn contemplation of his accumulated wickedness. To such a man I would not offer the smallest reason of confidence, not the most minute ground of assurance to the favour of heaven; yet if he were deeply sorrowful, if he were inwardly convinced of his wickedness, and were completely repentant, I trust that a ray of hope would gleam into his dark dungeon, and that he might sometimes think on the infinite merits of his Saviour, and the infinite power of his God. We are all the children of sin, and have all forfeited the countenance of our Maker; yet we can trust in the hope of reconciliation, not only for ourselves, but even for murderers, for we know that goodness is unlimited, and that there is mercy in heaven.

Cutting up a Verse-maker.

A wickedly waggish set of roguish Reviewers maliciously murder a poor poetaster, in the following style:

He has courted the muse under as many disguises as ever Jupiter assumed in the prosecutions of his less chaste amours, but whether or not with the same ultimate success as the heathen god, is now to be decided. At one time he puts on the demure methodistick air of an elegiack bard, and weeps, and sighs, and whines, in a manner sufficiently deplorable to melt the most obdurate heart. At another, he brightens up into a spruce and fashionable beau, powdered, perfumed, and apparelled in a style altogether irresistible. Ere long he starts up in the form and dress of a shepherd, with a becoming crook over his shoulders, and puffs away with zeal and delight on the Scotch bagpipe. While the prolonged sound of the drone is yet humming in our ears, who should rise before us but the professour, wrapped in the sweeping stole, and treading the lofty buskin in tragedy, with a bloody dagger in the one hand, and a poison bowl in the other! The volumes are indeed a perfect raree-show. One page is drawn up, and lo! shepherds and their lasses sporting in the vale! Down it falls, and behold, an Indian chief with hatchets, scalps, and tomahawks. The eye is soon relieved with the less formidable muster of a volunteer corps, advancing against a dreadful discharge of blank cartridges, and again is startled at the spectre forms of Fingal, Starno, and other staring heroes.

To mention all the faults of style and sentiment that swarm over these volumes, would require a patience and industry which our readers may be glad that we do not possess. Unfortunately, they are all faults arising from sterility of soul. Our authour's fancy seems perfectly famished, and reduced to mere skin and bone.—Accordingly she devours whatever comes in her way, less solicitious for dainty morsels than lumpish gross materials, fitted to satisfy the cravings of her voracity. In her eagerness for something to devour, to use the words of Shakespeare, "she looks even impossible places," and after rummaging through an ode; comes out at the end of it with a look that is truly lamentable. Sometimes, too, after stumbling by accident upon a tolerable good thing, she gives it a few convulsive mastications, and then throws it aside, much to the credit either of her self-denial or stupidity.

ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENT.

The following advertisement of a Cow lost, is copied verbatim from a paper published a few years since in Boston.

ABBERTISEMENT.

Boston, May 70th, 1784.

Their was a Cow desmished last Friday, colour of a light red Cow, pretty much a short tail, not so long as other Cows tales, she is a long slim Cow, not so fat as some Cows, she is not so poor as some. This will convince any of the publick if seen such a creatur. Sir or Gentleman of honour, whoever seen or find him, turn him to Bosson, to Mr. York Ruggles, tar lane, he will warn whoever bring him will be a great price, the Cow was brought up in the country, he was brought through Bosson four mounths ago, also more, the Cow had four white legs, and four red legs.

P. S. He has gote lite red eyes, he is gote tall slime hornes, a little cut of the ends, he is not less than seven years old, he has got one year long and he is got one year short, and a slit in one of them, and a piece clipped of other.

YORK RUGGLES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

THE ADIEU.

Written after reading Milton's Penseroso.

Hence, now, the poet's life forlorn,
Of Vanity, and Fancy born—
'Tis but a wild delusive joy,
And shall no more my peace annoy.
Find out, oh! Muse, some garret high,
Where sits the Bard, with haggard eye:
There Poverty his feeling wrings,
And the starved cricket nightly sings;
By dying coals, I see him sit,
With nought to warm, but sparks of wit:
See him, with hunger how perplexed,
Or how, with sonnets, he is vexed—
I hear the girl, by landlord sent,
To dun him for his quarter's rent:
But though he gives a Muse's note,
It will not stop her cursed throat.

No, no, sweet Muse, I quit the train,
No more I sing the tuneful strain.
Without a sigh, I quit the Hill,
The painted mead, the babbling rill;
The rustling trees, the nodding grove,
Where oft in rhyme, I *wrote* of love;
No more I dream of maidens fair,
With azure eyes, and auburn hair:
Of youthful nymphs, whose sad disdain,
Has wakened all my bosom's pain,
(Though all the pain was in my pen,
But tell not this, sweet muse again:)
No more I'll ~~watch~~ waste the midnight oil,
Biting my nails in rhyming toil;
Calling on every Muse and Grace,
But for an hour to take my place,
And write a soft and tender sonnet,
On lady's eyebrow, or her bonnet;
Nor call on Love to cast his dart,
And wound some fair one's throbbing heart,
Who so afflicts this breast of mine,
That I can neither sleep, nor dine.
So pretty muse pray take your flight,
—By Jove, you go this very night.
Though we have passed bright hours together,
And this is cursed chilly weather,
Yet tramp you must, before I waver,
Seduced again by your palaver.

But come! thou judge, sedate and sage,
Come and unfold thy learned page.
Oh how shall I thy name invoke?
Chief Justice, or my master Coke!
Whose ancient visage is so rough,
To me it seems quite in a huff.
Thy wig and gown tell what thou art,
And terrour strike within my heart;
Thy firm fixed eye and scowling frown,
Are quite enough to knock one down;
I do confess I've been a truant,
But, prithee, take a milder view on't.

Thee, Common Law, in days of yore,
To that grave wizard Study bore,
In Albion's great Eliza's reign,
"Nor was such mixture held a stain."
Oft in the Pleas, and in the Bench,
With eager feet you sought the wench;
And there her heart you strove to woo,
~~And did~~ *what every judge should do.** ~~And~~ through the realm ~~did~~ spread ~~your~~ *Thus* names, *you* *their* *each*
Notwithstanding proud King James.

Come, stedfast judge, so wise and grave,
And bring both Butler and Hargrave;
~~With~~ sheets about the folio size,

---

* Alluding to the answer which Lord Coke made to King James, upon being asked whether certain oppressive exactions, which were about to be levied by Royal authority, would be legal. All the other judges answered that the King's will was law; but Coke sturdily told him, that when the case came before him, as judge, *he would do what a judge ought to do.*

And notes, to please the student's eyes:
Black-letter type, and Norman French,
Which erst was used in the Bench:
Come, but keep thy frowning state,
Or I, again in rhyme shall prate.
Give me thy mind, thy piercing look,
That I may understand thy book,
And, kept within my office still,
Study myself "to marble," till
"With a sad, leaden, downward cast,"
I am a limb of law, at last!
Then come again, with, in thy hand,
Ejectments 'gainst my neighbour's land,
And plenteous suits, with good retainers,
'Bout 'states in fee, or in remainders.
Then teach me all the tricks of art,
And from thy court I'll ne'er depart;
Give me to know these wiles of trade,
And then, by-and-bye, my fortune's made:
Of jointures, gaolers; *ipso facto;*
Of writs for debt, or *parco fracto;*
Of *Habeas Corp. ad prosequendum;*
Or catch some knave, *ad respondendum;*
Cui in vita, custom, cucking,
(More seemly now 'tis called a ducking.)
Of *Nudum pactum, Levant couchant;*
Of vagrant beasts, or maidens flippant.
But, chief of all, oh! with thee bring
"Him that soars on eagle wing;"
Let him but hold the tempting fee,
And I'll ne'er plead *a double plea.*
Thee, CLIENT oft the crowds among,
I'll seek amid the Exchange's throng.
And missing thee, I'll walk,—or hop
Right straitway to the barber's shop;
There I'll behold thy undrawn purse,
My *honorarium* to disburse.
Like boys, who by the gutter side,
With lifted hands, and jaws stretch'd wide,
Watch the bright pennies turning round,
And wish, yet fear, them on the ground.
Oft too, as in my office, near,
Our crier's Stentor-voice I'll hear——
"Court met, —oh yes—oh yes—oh yes,"
My client's cause to curse, or bless:
Or, if the judges do not sit,
At home, I'll frame the wily writ:
And teach the knaves to pay their losses,
Or else beware of lawyers' crosses.

Far from all rude resort of men,
Save the rough tipstaff, now and then,
Or the grim gaoler's glad report,
"Defendant, now sir's safe *in Court.*"

And may, at last, my weary age
Find out the Judge's "hermitage."
"Where I may sit, and rightly spell,"
Which cause is bad, and which is well.
And where, without the Lawyer's strife,
My income settled is, for life.

These things, Judge Coke, oh! deign to give,
"And I, with thee, will choose to live."

SEDLEY.

EPITAPH.

Sacred to the Memory of

—— SPURRIER,

Who was born, &c.
And died, &c.

A man of universal knowledge, great piety, and unbounded benevolence—thereby laying up treasures in Heaven, *whence* he has gone to reap the reward of his life.

MORTUARY.

Died at Marseilles on the 28th of August last, (where she had gone for the recovery of her health) Mrs. RACHEL BLAKE, Æt. 34, wife of George Blake, Esq. of Boston, District Attorney of Massachusetts. She was not less distinguised for an uncommon vigour of understanding and an ardour for intellectual improvement, than for the native purity of her mind, the unblemished correctness of her principles, and the unaffected dignity of her manners. These interesting qualities, united with powers of conversation unusually brilliant and animated, a sensibility acute and "*tremblingly alive*" to the distresses of others, and "a heart open as day to melting charity," had attached to her an extensive and numerous circle of friends. By all who intimately knew her and had discerned the intrinsick excellence of her character, her society was fondly cherished, and her death is most deeply and sincerely lamented.

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